The Liberalist

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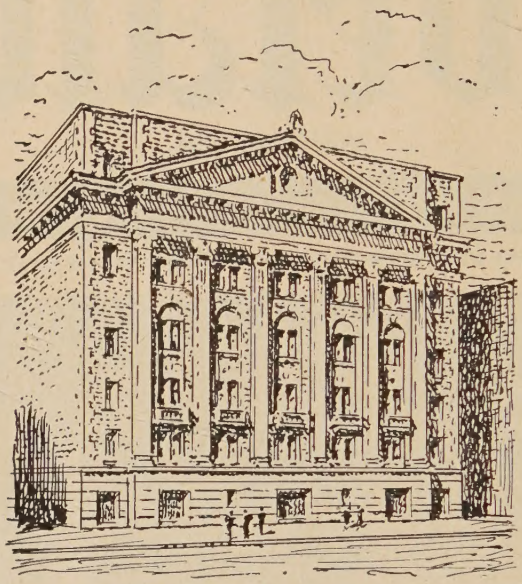
PUBLISHED BY THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

From "FAREWELL AND HAIL!"

New Year, bright as dawning youth,
Bring us faith and love of truth,
Kindly thoughts of one and all,
Charity for those who fall,
Strength to help and zest to cheer,
Hope to banish doubt and fear.
Bring us quietness, content,
When your brimming months are spent.

Old Year, here is our farewell.
New Year, hail! We wish you well.

—Thomas Curtis Clark



THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan Road

This Church was founded July 7, 1912, as a liberal independent church It united with the American Unitarian Association, Western Unitarian Conference and National Federation of Religious Liberals in 1923. Property purchased for new building 1924. Ground broken June 14, 1925. Corner stone laid November 15, 1925. Church dedicated October 10, 1926. Preston Bradley has been the Pastor from the beginning of the Church.

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ALONG THE WAY

By DR. PRESTON BRADLEY

THIS article is being written in the midst of the pre-Christmas holiday activities. You will be reading it after Christmas and the New Year have receded, when we will all be standing on the threshold of another year. As I write, Christmas Day is more than a week ahead. As you read, it will be more than two weeks past. It is my most ardent hope that it has been a happy and joyful time for you and that you are greeting the unknown year before us with courage and fortitude.

Every mail is bringing an avalanche of Christmas cards and greetings to my Study desk. I wish I had the time and the facilities to reply personally to each one in appreciation of their thoughtfulness. That is impossible. However inadequately these words convey the depth of my appreciation, I want you to know what encouragement and cheer your cards have brought to me and to June, to our church and to our staff. For many, many years it was a practice with Mother and Jimmy and me to put all of our Christmas cards in one big box as they arrived and then to put the box under our Christmas tree and wait for Christmas morning. We never used to open a card or a Christmas letter or Christmas package until the afternoon of Christmas Day. This was the custom in our home for many years; but in these last few years the cards and greetings have been so many that sometimes it has been the latter part of January before we have read the last one. In recent years we have been opening the cards on arrival, reading them carefully and enjoying them greatly. This enables us to keep up rather well with the many which are sent, and this is the custom we are following this year. The somewhat discouraging reaction to this is that to every sender of every card that is opened we would like to send a personal greeting. I write an annual Christmas letter which is sent to every member of our church and to all the names on our radio list. It is my hope that all who receive this letter will think of it as a personal Christmas greeting.

The Christmas season is the most nostalgic time of all the year to me. Throughout my own childhood in the little village of Linden, Michigan, where I was born, and where I spent the first 16 years of my life, Christmas was always the happiest time of the year. There were not the many distractions for children which we have today. Life was very much simpler and, might I add, perhaps happier. There was no radio, no television, no movies, no automobiles, no electric lights in our home, nothing which has brought so many benefits to so many, but no sooner had the festivities of the Christmas season faded away than we were already planning and thinking about the Christmas next year. The school parties which we usually went to in bobsleighs are a happy memory and the jingling of the sleigh bells and the string of bells buckled around the horses was the most beautiful music I knew. There is something about the season which awakens all these old memories and one thinks of those who were so much a part of one's life and are no longer here.

The first time I ever spoke in public as a little boy was at a Christmas program given by the village church. On one side of the small sanctuary was a Christmas tree, decorated with chains of colored paper, popcorn and cran-

berries on strings, and the tree lighted by real candles. I think of the Christmas tree lighting of those days with horror, for the fire hazard was unusually great, and yet throughout my entire childhood I never remember a fire, in our village or in a home, caused by a lighted Christmas tree. These days the electric-lighted tree is much safer, and the reproduction of the candle, using the electric light bulbs, captures the imagination without effort. The illusion of a lighted candle is retained without the danger.

I can recall, and it is more than 60 years ago now, how the little church was filled with parents and children, the faces of the parents aglow with the expectancy that their children would make no mistakes in their recitations and that their songs would be harmonious. I can see my father and mother now as I saw them then from the platform of the church. My sister, who is three years my junior, and I were always active in the children's programs. As I sit watching the children of our own church school in their Christmas program, I go back across the years and memories come crowding my heart. I think not only of my own childhood and what Christmas meant to me, but also of the future years of those children in our own school today. I wonder what their memories will be 50 and 60 years from now. I hope each one of them will have memories as beautiful, as inspiring, as lovely as the memories in my heart of a childhood in the long ago. As the years lengthen and our lives deepen, our happiness is enriched by the memories of life. To live life so that as it matures the memories will be beautiful is the very secret of happiness itself. Even the shadows which darken our way and the heartaches which come are all a part of the fabric of the years.

Christmas day itself is a holy day, for it enshrines the most sacred memories of my life and one is to be forgiven if in the midst of the songs and the lighted tree and the laughter, there are moments when one longs for household voices gone and that your name might once again be spoken by those you have loved and have lost awhile. So Christmas is a blend of mirth and sadness, of laughter and tears, and the focal point of all the year is the coronation of love which shines with undiminished brilliance from the face of a Holy Child. Anything as eternal as love must be able to span the experience of death and perhaps those with whom we have shared the happiness of the Christmas season are still sharing it with us in a more holy and spiritual companionship than those of us who are still entombed with earth can possibly realize or understand. And so with deep gratitude for all the memories, and with an ever-increasing hope for a better year ahead for ourselves, our church, our country and the world, we step over the portals of a New Year and greet it with courage and with hope.

* * *

As my own life lengthens, I seem to lose with startling rapidity more and more friends with whom I have worked and been associated. In the early days of my ministry the losses were fewer, but with the coming of the years there isn't a week but what someone passes on, whom I have known a long time. This is inevitable. I don't revolt against it. It is all a part of the maturity of life; but nevertheless, when old friends leave the heart is wounded; and this past week another old friend has been translated. Many years ago he came into my life through the pages of *The Christian Century.*

I was first attracted to Thomas Curtis Clark by the poems which were interspersed in the reading matter of

America's finest undenominational religious magazine. I have been a subscriber to *The Christian Century* throughout my entire ministry. When *The Christian Century* first was established more than 70 years ago, it was of far less importance and much less influential than it is today. With its reorganization under the able leadership and inspiration of Dr. Charles Clayton Morrison, Thomas Curtis Clark became his associate and coworker. Together they laid the foundation for *The Christian Century* of today. The influence of *The Christian Century* can be largely attributed to the vision, courage and writing ability of Dr. Morrison and Mr. Clark. There are few men in the whole of Christendom today who have more vision for Christianity and the church than does Dr. Morrison.

Mr. Clark was fundamentally a poet. It is as a poet he will live. Only a poet could properly appraise the poetic value and excellency of other poets. Because of this, Thomas Curtis Clark has made several anthologies of poetry which are of permanent value in preserving some of the best poetry and minimizing the jeopardy of its ever being lost. A whole shelf in my Study library is composed of his anthologies and his own poems, each of which is autographed with appropriate sentiments. I shall love them always because his hands have been placed upon them.

During these later years I have had no more faithful and enthusiastic listener to the broadcasting of our morning church service than Thomas Curtis Clark. Mr. and Mrs. Clark lived in Maywood, later in Bellwood, and it was difficult for them to attend the church in person, but they were always present on the radio. Hardly a week passed without my having a little note of appreciation from either Mr. Clark or Mrs. Clark. In some of those letters Mr. Clark would say that the thought of the morning had inspired a poem, and would enclose the poem to me. These poems were later included in his own book of poetry. Just before his last illness he had finished the proof reading of a new book of poems on immortality. He will never see his last book with visible eyes, the book of poems whose theme is immortality—but that doesn't matter. The sight that is beyond sight is never disturbed by the change which we falsely call death.

When Mrs. Clark called me and told me that he was in the Oak Park Hospital I went immediately to see him and every visit was a spiritual tonic for me. I saw him shortly before his passing. I knew that the far-away look in his eyes meant that he knew earth was receding; but there was no complaint, no fear, no rebellion, and though he was suffering intensely the soul of the poet shone out in that hospital room. His bed was near the window which looked out upon a tree-lined street. The leaves had gone. The intricate shape of the limbs and branches of the trees stood out in sharp relief against the deepening shadow of a dying day on my last visit. I looked out and remarked to him that we really never see a tree until the leaves are gone. He smiled and said to me "You are a poet, too." It was my last visit, for in a few hours his soul which always saw beauty and love and kindness and forgiveness had ascended to a realm where nothing unkind, uncharitable or unlovely ever mars.

As I stood by his side in the crowded chapel in Maywood to conduct his funeral service I experienced no feeling whatever of being in the presence of death. Death is no more powerful than we permit it to be. I did not attempt a eulogy at the service. Thomas Curtis Clark would not like that. Sometimes I think that words at such a time are

impotent and unnecessary. After all, the life is the sermon. We could all sit at a funeral service in perfect silence, without a word being spoken, and just think about the one whom we knew and loved and the memories would preach a more eloquent sermon than could be spoken by the lips of any man. And as the service was attended by his friends, associates and many clergymen who knew him and who loved him, I thought the most appropriate thing would be for Thomas Curtis Clark to preach his own funeral sermon. So I read some of his poems. That was sufficient for in every poem he put a part of himself. Even at the cemetery, when I stood beside his grave and committed his temporal home to the earth, I could not and did not use the phrase "Ashes to ashes, dust to dust and earth to earth." For the Thomas Curtis Clark we knew and loved is as much alive today as he ever was, and one hundred years from now preachers and poets will be quoting him.

I asked him on one of my visits to the hospital what he thought would be his longest-lived poem and without hesitation he replied to me "God's Dreams." I agree with him. Frequently I conclude a lecture quoting the entire poem. If you do not know it get it and read it. It will be found in his own book of poems which is entitled *"God's Dreams."*

I can close this inadequate but nevertheless deep and heartfelt personal tribute to Thomas Curtis Clark no more appropriately than with the leading editorial of *The Christian Century,* published in the issue of December 16, 1953, just after his death. I am concluding with the article just as it appeared and with the permission of *The Christian Century:*

"After many days of suffering, Thomas Curtis Clark, for 36 years an associate editor of *The Christian Century,* died on December 7. It is impossible to put into words the sorrow with which those who worked alongside him for so many years face the realization that he has gone. The same sorrow will, we know, be felt widely through American church life, for Thomas Curtis Clark had touched so many in so many ways that he had come to seem a friend to multitudes who knew him only as a name. There were years during which Mr. Clark comprised nearly the entire 'staff' working with Charles Clayton Morrison in bringing this paper to its leadership as an undenominational journal. Later, he carried much of the responsibility for its news department. Still later, as poetry editor it was he who insured for that feature of the paper its acknowledged distinction. Along with his heavy responsibilities on the *Century,* he carried easily the managing editorship of the *Pulpit* and the editing of the *20th Century Quarterly*. During the years when that book publishing affiliate was active, Mr. Clark was an active partner in Willett, Clark and Company. Undoubtedly, however, he was known to more churchmen as the authentic poet who wrote so much of the truly lyric poetry of his generation, and as the anthologist whose choices showed such unerring judgment in the recognition of poetic worth. All these things will be recounted at length as others mark his passing. Here, writing under the immediate shock of the event, we remember more what a good comrade he was. Fair weather or foul, smooth passage or rough, it was good to have Tom Clark by one's side. And if it is the pure in heart who see God, then he stands now in the full light of the Throne."

And so another old friend and great heart has gone from our midst. The sorrow for Mrs. Clark at the end was

(*Continued on page* 19)

"THINK ON THESE THINGS"

SERMON BY DR. PRESTON BRADLEY
Pastor of the Peoples Church of Chicago
Sunday, November 15, 1953

WE ARE told by the physicists and the scientists that every cell in the human body undergoes a complete metamorphosis, or change, every seven years; that with the passing of every seven years of our lives there has been a complete change in the cellular life of our physical cells. I have no reason to doubt that. I accept it. But it immediately constructs for me, and I think for every thinking person, some very serious difficulties. Not so much an understanding of the physical laws by which the cells of the human body operate—our physicists and our physiologists, and those who have been able to take apart minutely the structure of the human frame, have no difficulty in making it intelligible to us—but there is one aspect of it that seems to me to be almost beyond comprehension, and it is in the area of the mind. I can readily understand how it is that certain physical identities can transfer those qualities and those definite realities to some subsequent cell; I can understand that, not perfectly or clearly, but it is within the area of my comprehension.

The great challenge comes when we are dealing with this intangible something called "mind"—these faculties for memory, these capacities to preserve in continuity throughout a lifetime impressions from one seven year period to another, when the physical cells of the human brain, have undergone these changes. By what intangible mysterious capacity do these cells retain impressions and memories, and then pass on these memories and these impressions to another cell—the impressions and the memories which have no physical determinations?

No one ever saw a thought; no one ever saw a memory; no one ever saw the intangible forces which enter into the composition or character of an emotion. In a true sense, no one ever saw love! They see the manifestations of it in our attitude toward those we love and those who love us, but the actual identity of the attribute of love itself no one has ever seen! And no scientist and no microscope in any laboratory of the world has ever been able to weigh a thought or to see a thought!!

We are, all of us, living our lives in a great universe of mystery, and in many respects the greatest of the mysteries is the mystery of the mind—not the brain! While the mind and the brain are inseparable as far as manifestation is concerned, the mind and the brain are not identical, any more than the body and the soul are identical. No one ever saw a human soul! We talk about saving souls and we talk about your soul and mind, but the soul is in the same category as the mind. It is a name used largely to designate an intangible, incomprehensible, but paradoxically enough, realistic thing! Man has a soul! Sometimes I think that he is all soul in his spiritual consciousness, that just as the poor human brain—I have seen one; perhaps you have, if you're a medical student or a physician or a surgeon. I have held in my hand a human brain, a physical mass of blood and tissue; an ugly thing, just a mass of blood and tissue. As I looked at that human brain, and held it in my hand, I thought of the mystery of creation itself—that

there, within the folds, and there in a part of that brain, love had dwelled! It had its dreams; it had experienced its reactions to life; it had known beauty and goodness and perhaps sin and badness, but somewhere within the folds of that mass of blood and tissue there had been life—the mind! And that mind had been a corollary of the soul and this was the real person after all! Whatever happened to the physical life of the one whose brain I held, not too long ago, in my hand, I shall never know. I didn't know his name, but I do know he was a living soul and I do know that the vitality of that physical brain could only be kept operating by the vitality of the mind and the soul! They are that which is eternal! All the rest is in a physical plane of materialistic nothingness until the unreality of matter is a perfectly sound philosophical deduction—and the tyranny of matter has been the barrier to many an illumination of one's soul and mind!

Now, about the physical structure of these brains of ours! Explain it if you can. I can't! I don't think there is any scientist or physicist on this earth who can explain it; I don't believe that any scientist listening to me now, though he may call himself atheist or materialist or whatever he chooses to call himself; though he may have alienated himself from any spiritual consciousness of divinity; though he may have discarded the fundamentals of religion so as to be able to develop a selfishness by which he can live life without the good and the necessity of God or religion or prayer or anything else; though he may be living in that fool's paradise,—and it is a fool's paradise,—I challenge him to explain even partially, the history of these thoughts of mine now reverberating in the depths of a physical brain, a brain where the stored-up memories occasionally and in an almost unrealizable way come back!

A door of some little cell opens and someone I hadn't thought about in a long time comes in; some thought I hadn't ever had in my life germinates somewhere; so memory of someone you might have loved—you see someone walking down the street and you look at the back, at the shape of the head, and someone else lives in your heart again; or you open the pages of an old book and you find there the pressed loveliness of a flower you might have picked once in some forgotten garden, and that flower will bring back to you memories of perhaps happy and lovely moments in your life! Will you explain that to me, Mr. Scientist—these cells which have changed every seven years in this physical brain of mine? Will you explain to me the continuity of my memories, dreams and hopes? And this physical brain, as long as it is operating in constancy with the physical laws of the body, performs its mission beautifully and well, and goes on into the areas of physical thought itself and creates in somebody's mind a great bridge to span a day already lived. Before there is a single scratch of a pen on a blueprint, in somebody's mind a towering building, seeming to part the clouds, is born! And all of it was in a little intangible thought in somebody's brain.

Do you mean to tell me that the dream is less than the reality; do you mean to tell me that only that is real which can be weighed and measured; do you mean to tell me that when the great philosophic teacher, Paul, told the Church at Philippi: "Think on these things — goodness, truth, beauty, friendliness, love!" that he didn't understand one of the fundamental principles of all creative thinking, namely, that *all thinking has the*

power to create that which is thought? Don't let anyone deny that! There are a million, million examples for that statement in the world today!

Thoughts are things, and we create our destiny by the kind of thinking we do. You can't live on the heights, thinking of beauty and kindness and love toward another without creating it for yourself! They're not gifts! No one gives them to you—you create them! And that is the reason some people are winsome and attractive and lovable and kind, and people gravitate toward them. Just as the petal of a morning flower in the garden on a summer's day turns its face to the sun, so do people turn their faces and their hearts to those who think on noble things, who live on high altitudes! Like attracts like; dislikes repel! If you want to find the peace of mind that people look for in books, in sermons, in lectures, in music, utilize them, of course, as necessary adjuncts and inspirations, but remember the first fundamental truth—it is self-created! People can create their own success! They can build their own victories!

Thoughts, though no scientist can explain it, have a power, a chemical power! Thoughts can change your blood pressure; thoughts can directly affect pain; thoughts can build or destroy bodies; and if we concentrate with these minds of ours upon the excellent, the permanency of the good, then the evil will be destroyed and we will prove the utter inadequacy of evil people! I have never known a person who sought out to destroy another who wasn't himself destroyed in the process! Never! You cannot pull down another without pulling yourself further down; you cannot be well and strong and vibrant while your mind harbors a filthy accumulation of hate and envy; you cannot project buoyancy and the beauty of poise and the dignity of great living without first having it all in your own mind!

"Think on these things!" Then as you go into the work of the week and into the beauty of the day, the cleanliness of your own thinking, the high altitude of your own mind will make it all the more beautiful and all the more realistic. No one really sees the full beauty of a flower until there is a bit of flower in their own soul. The reason why some people miss so much in this world is because they shut the door of their own heart—so they miss it! And that's a tragedy! Clean up the cesspool of your minds! You cannot harbor mental sin and immoral thoughts without being penalized, almost to the same extent as though you were to commit them physically! If I could get that one little thought into the minds of all who are here and all who are there, this would be the greatest Sunday morning in your lives. Then you would have courage to go forward and build a life, and you would do what that fine, old Captain in the Coast Guard did when a ship was floundering on the Atlantic Seashore and already was being put at the mercy of pounding seas. The message for help came to the Coast Guard. The old Captain of the Coast Guard, with the aid of his crew, launched his ship. And as he did so, one of the members turned to him and said: "Captain, there is an offshore hurricane blowing and the tide is running out! If we ever go out in this sea we will never come back!" And the old Captain said: "We are going *out into the sea!* We don't *have to come back!*" That was *thinking right* on an important thing!

The Liberalist

FREEDOM—FELLOWSHIP—CHARACTER

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EDITORIAL

I WISH I could live a hundred years more! Because now that man has taken the laws from the hidden-most caverns of the unknown, and applied the principles of those laws to the manifestation of energy, he has revolutionized the world! And if man makes the right decisions on what to do with this energy the Golden Age of civilization will break and man will experience the greatest creative power since the first dawn of the world. Think of the possibilities of that! When I was a lad in high school I could look forward to a life-span of 45 years. A lad in a Chicago high school today can look forward to a life-span of 68 years, and that increase has happened in my lifetime. And the recreative qualities of the cellular life of the human body, under the influence of that direction, may bring an entirely new type of humanity to the world.

This is the first hour that men have the power of deciding their destiny. Whether this energy, which is of the Infinite, shall be used to advance the selfishness, the hatred, the personal ambitions, the lust for power, the balance of power of international relations, or whether this power shall be used to create the Kingdom of God upon this earth. Up until this time individual nations have gone to terms with it, but never before have all of us been affected. This is a universal hour.

Man was never created to spend 75 or 80 years of this life and then deteriorate with age. I believe that the laws behind atomic energy are just beginning. But physical, mechanistic laws in themselves are not sufficient! There must be a star in our lives as well as the atom. We must have the spiritual vitality of the Infinite.

What is the use of living long if we cannot live beautifully and well? What is the use of only thinking of science in terms of longevity if we cannot think of it in terms of building the soul? And what an unutterable tragedy it is that man, with his intelligence, his mind, his laboratory, his conquering of space,—he can fly like a bird and can swim like a fish—what a tragedy if he does not learn to walk like a man! The atom and the world of nature unfolds, but unless we learn the art of living together with dignity, greatness and peace, nothing will matter! Therefore it isn't the atom alone that we need—we need the star! The star of dreams, of hopes, of ideals! The star that some poet has said was put in the sky for us to get a glimpse of heaven through. The star that touches the souls of men, as we unlearn the capacity for criticism, for unkindness, and for defeatism. The solution, my dear friends, is in looking at the eternal structure of the stars!

BOOK CHATS

JOY Is An Inside Job, by Don Blanding, is truly a wonderful book to read for the New Year. The Vail-Ballou Press, Inc., of Binghamton, New York are the publishers. The book is exquisitely illustrated as are all of Don Blanding's books, by the author himself. The book is moderately priced. If you enjoy poetry, buy it.

Don Blanding was born in Oklahoma and spent the first 15 years of his life in restless frontier country. At 15 he started wandering and has never spent but two years in one place. He has been a "super" in grand opera, has worked in hayfields, drawn newspaper cartoons, managed a little theatre, painted fences and dowagers — in Paris, Chicago, Hollywood, Honolulu and many, many points in between. From many of his poems one knows that he has always loved the life of the Hawaiian Islands. It was there, by good luck, that he changed his artist's career to one of artist and author. The islands provided him with much of the material of his *Vagabond's House, Hula Moons, Stowaways in Paradise, Drifter's Gold.* Don Blanding is Poet Laureate of the Hawaiian Islands.

Vagabond's House is the first and most widely known book of this author. It is now in its 43rd large edition. It is vivid, colorful verse, and pictures the dream house in every man's heart. *Vagabond's House,* like the latest book, *Joy Is An Inside Job,* is lavishly illustrated by the author.

There is always to me something extra-special about a book in which the author is also the illustrator. Every one of us brings something of himself to any book we read. So must an illustrator who is not the author of the book. But when the author himself endeavors to illustrate his own thoughts, then words and illustrations blend to make the meaning what the author intended. He calls his book "An Informal Guide Book for the Joyous Journey to Joy-Age." And he adds, "Whatever your age, your Joy-Age is now."

The poet has become philosophical in a very beautiful way.

He tells of being hit by three atom bombs. The reaction from those atom bombs resulted in "Joy Is An Inside Job." There is both verse and prose in this new book, and sudden, unexpected bits of humor. The poem I was greatly attracted to was a poem based on the title of the book. It's a bit long for quoting, but here are two shorter poems, the first,

QUENCHED THIRST

If you are thirsty you do not want an article *about* water, nor a chemical analysis of water. You want the *experience of water. Quenched Thirst.* If you are ill you want healing. I might give you a glass of water . . . *but I can not drink for you.* It would be better if I pointed and said, *"There is The Spring. Drink for yourself."* All that anyone can say is, *"I drank from This Spring. My thirst was quenched. Here it is."*

Thousands of books, and uncounted and uncountable billions of words have gone into trying to explain God. God can not be explained. God can not be packaged in words. God-Consciousness must be experienced. How? This is an experience unique with each seeker. *The Spring will be found where the*

Thirst begins. Within.

THE THINK GADGET

I think and I think and I *think* that I think
While the little wheels whir and the little lights blink;
There's a rattle, a humming, a rustle, a roar
And what do I get? What I got just before;
Some *more* thoughts to think about doodles and dancers,
So I think *some more thoughts* that I *think are the answers.*
But the *answers* breed *questions* . . . they're fertile as rabbits,
And I *think some more thoughts* about worries and habits,
As I moil and I toil and I fiddle and tinker . . .
And all that I get is a pain in my thinker.
Now, let me be still . . . oh, as still as a rock,
While I hear my heart beat like the tick of a clock,
And I feel the blood flow like the pulse of a tide,
Then I find that the answers are waiting . . . *inside.*
Not words . . . noisy words . . . but the luminous glowing.
The Light in the Shrine of the stillness of *knowing.*

Don Blanding's poem "Where is Wonder?" pulses with the expression of wonder itself. I think the decorative illustrations that accompany the poem are as important as is the poem, and having seen the two together, that neither would be complete without the other.

Perhaps I am stretching a reviewer's rights a bit by quoting one more tiny poem found at the close of this, to me, priceless book:

THEN YOU KNOW

When you look at a star
And it is not far;
When the song of a bird
Is your own heart stirred
To voice its note
In the bird's soft throat;
When you feel and know
That the ebb and flow
Of the sea's soft flood
Is your rhythmed blood;
When a flower blooms
And its sweet perfumes
Distil in your heart
As the petals part;
When Life and you
In flesh or clod
Are One . . . not two . . .
Then you know God.

* * *

A book was published early in 1953 which I am happy to recommend to you as we begin the year 1954. It is called *The Great Little Things.* Written by George Matthew Adams, who for more than thirty years has written a daily column called "Today's Talk," which has been appearing in hundreds of newspapers all over the United States and Canada, his short essays are known to millions of readers all over the country. When he first started to write, the author did it to encourage himself. This worked so well, he started distributing what he wrote. During most of the time since he entered the newspaper business 45 years ago he has been the head of the highly successful George Matthew Adams syndicate, discovering and creating scores of features which are now household favorites.

The Great Little Things is a book of essays containing a simple, honest, authentic philosophy of human relationships; warm, friendly and helpful. On a fly-leaf of the book is this quotation from a letter by William Pitt, the elder, once Premier of England, to his wife:

"I am so tired of the little great matters which are attracting so much attention, please write and cheer me with news of the great *little* things of interest about the home."

In the Author's Note he says: "I like to think of myself as an everyday messenger of helpful ideas and suggestions—just among friends. Through these Talks I have contacted a multitude of friends who have, in turn, enriched my life beyond all calculation. . . . I like to talk about people, nature, and the simple things that are so fundamental to the happiness of us all."

There are about 200 essays in all. Here are some of the titles of them:

"Accept Your Lot—The Art of Overlooking—Be a Finisher—Be Your Age, Happily—The Blessings of Trees—Born to Succeed—Companionship—Divine Discontent—Don't Die in a Rut—The Furniture of Friendship—Heart Power—Keep Dipping In—Keep Giving Credit—Life, the Sculptor—Love Isn't Blind—The Magic Word—The Power of Purpose—Say 'Thank You'—That Face of Yours."

That last one intrigued me greatly. I shall just give you two short sentences from it: "Every day we write some sort of chapter about this face of ours. . . . Often one's face has proved one's best security!"

In his essay on "The Great Little Things," we read: "What a multitude of Great Little Things there are in the world! All awaiting our attention and use. There is an eternal quality of life to these Great Little Things that is the very cradle that holds both the birth and inception to all the great matters that later mature. Love, kindness, consideration for others, encouragement, appreciation are all Great Little Things that give substance to life—and they touch us all time and again. . . . People who are big in the Great Little Things themselves are great, and it doesn't matter if they never become famous beyond their own kin and kind. They are like Shakespeare's little candle that sheds its light afar."

The Great Little Things by George Matthew Adams, New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce; Boston: Little, Brown, is an ideal book for quick inspiration, comfort and guidance.

The *RADIO* MAIL BAG

By ETHEL WELLS SMALLEY

AM I going to make some New Year's Resolutions, backed, as Dr. Bradley suggests, by some resolution? I'm not quite sure. There have been stirrings of ideas for some days past (it is December 16th as I write these words), such as a feeling of a need to attempt to "save for a rainy day." This idea was born when my friend Elfrieda Stewart, who is so comfortably practical, came home with the neatest and prettiest little ivory savings bank. I wanted that little savings bank so much that I began to think about a New Year's Resolution that would be the excuse for my paying $1.25 for the bank. That is one possible resolution I may settle on.

The other resolution has to do with trying to set a dignified pace for myself. Not that I particularly like the stiff and staid connotation of "dignity." I

like being informal, as my kind readers may have discovered long since. The idea came about as I was considering a Discussion Group I am about to form for the continued study of Human Relations. (Dare I mention here that a jolly friend of mine says he has plenty of relations, but they are not all human.) One of the members who proposes belonging to the group wanted it to be a large group, whereas I had planned a group of only six people. Many of us belong to large groups, to various clubs and societies. I like to think of olden days I have read about where friends came in and because there was no radio and no television to which to glue one's eyes or ears, people talked together and had interesting discussions and an exchange of ideas on everything from cabbages to kings. It seems to me such an evening might be a leisurely sort of thing, like taking plenty of time to read every word of a good book because of its being so well written that to thoroughly enjoy it one should read it slowly. Reading it slowly one savors the atmosphere of the story. It irks me when I see at the top of an article or story (Reading time, 3 minutes.) It affects me psychologically and reminds me that the world is revolving at a terrific pace and I must keep up with it. So my second resolution may be to try to indoctrinate my six proposed discussion friends with my idea of an intimate little group, traveling at a comfortable pace. It occurs to me that if the people traveling on wheels would adopt the same resolution, there might be fewer accidents, and fewer traffic fines.

This leisurely-pace idea leads me right back to Switzerland, where I feel obliged to go for a few minutes with each issue of our Liberalist, for so many have told me they are following this trip of mine. And when I think of leisure in connection with the trip, I think of the Kursaal of Thun, that dear old town at the far western end of the Lac du Thun, about an hour and a half by boat from Interlaken. In this quaint old town, which I could reach by trolley bus in eight minutes from the village of Hilterfingen, was a very interesting and pretty building, high up above the main street as one entered the town. It was quaint and old, a soft brown color which blended harmoniously into the rich green background of the hillside. The face of the building consisted of three large, beautiful windows, very tall, and arched at the top, with small panes of colored glass bordering the plain glass of the center. There was what we moderns call a lot of "gingerbread" on the front of the building, some carved scrollwork, and topping the structure was a small but graceful tower and steeple. There was a long "L" at the left side, and large, attractive lettering proclaimed "Kursaal-Thun." This is the concert hall of the town.

One day I planned a visit to a Hodler Art Exhibit at Thun. It was a fairly small exhibit but very worthwhile and interesting. I am told by authorities who know, that Switzerland does not sufficiently advertise its art nor its artists; that many of the finest collections are private collections about which one never hears except incidentally, and by visiting the right homes. The thing which impressed me most about the Hodler Exhibit was the excellence of his portraits of men. I sat and looked at the portrait of an elderly man for many, many minutes, amazed at its startling vividness. The eyes of the portrait seemed to look me through and through and to burn with the fire of life. I was deeply chagrinned, on the train out of London to Liverpool, in talking with a professor from one

of our colleges in southern Illinois, to have to admit that I had never seen Mr. Hodler's art here in our own Art Institute. I shall endeavor to correct that situation this winter.

There were errands to do in Thun after luncheon and it was more than mid-afternoon before I thought of returning to Hilterfingen. Feeling a bit fatigued it occurred to me "Why not go to the Kursaal, have refreshment for body and soul and then go home?" This I did, and as I went up the beautiful flower-bordered walk toward the fine old structure, I took some color pictures, for my little camera was always with me in the roomy pouch purse I carried. Inside the building appeared much more spacious than the exterior suggested. The ceilings were of a great height and this made the room seem a bit barnlike to one accustomed to modern low ceilings. Quite a few people were seated at tables where ices, tea and other light refreshments were being served. There was no dancing in progress on the floor reserved for this purpose, a few steps down from the restaurant floor. Directly across the dance floor, on a high stage, were seven musicians—truly they were musicians. In addition to playing an instrument every member had an excellent, trained singing voice. The music was classical or semi-classical—none of it popular at these weekday afternoon concerts.

Here was leisure and relaxation complete and beautiful and this busy little secretary, who all year long had been rushing work out on schedule—everything to meet a schedule—oh, what a treat was this beautiful concert, with time to enjoy it and no pressing engagement to meet later on. And all for the price of the refreshments and a tip! A concert worth $3 and up in Chicago! During the intermission some of the musicians greeted old friends among the small audience. By the way, the little sign announcing intermission, announced it thus: "Pause." So we paused and enjoyed it. There was but a handful of people there, so I asked my friends, the Portmann's, how it was possible to afford these musicians for so small a return. He said he was quite sure it was at the town's expense! I went home to dinner that evening filled with a new kind of "Pause that refreshes," and after dinner wrote in my diary until bedtime. Yes, I should like to find a more leisurely way of doing a few things in the new year.

* * *

The Mail Bag is filled to overflowing, so I dip in and out comes a little note from the desk of Annette Victorin, who has sent Dr. Bradley so many lovely verses from her pen:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Your sermon this morning was significantly TIMELY—I am beginning all over to boost my fellowman, as I have tried to do in the past. It takes "listening carefully to you" however, to rekindle the sparks and to re-affirm our determination to do a better job of whatever we are trying to do.

Keep up the wonderful work. The whole world needs to listen in . . . to Dr. Bradley.

Sincerely,
Annette Victorin.

* * *

From the Studio of a teacher of Violin and Piano in Racine, Wisconsin, came an interesting inquiry about the Albert Schweitzer College in Churwalden, Switzerland:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Please send me the information about Albert Schweitzer College. I listened to your sermon about it and am very interested. I met Dr. Schweitzer personally, and his lovely wife, at Aspen, Colorado in 1949. He is wonderful.

You, too, Dr. Bradley, are an inspiration to so many of us. I wouldn't miss hearing your sermons on Sunday morning for anything. One of these Sundays I'll be in your church, too.

Very sincerely,
Miss Marion J. Rasmussen.

* * *

A friend of Dr. Bradley's in South Bend, whose letter I have mislaid, sent to Dr. Bradley a copy of an address he had given in former years on juvenile delinquency. The South Bend Tribune is running some articles on this subject and this friend had sent them Dr. Bradley's address. The Tribune wanted to know if Dr. Bradley had the same opinion he then voiced. Dr. Bradley sent the copy back, saying he hadn't changed his views. Then Mr. F. A. Miller, President and Editor of the South Bend Tribune, wrote the following letter which we quote in part:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Many thanks for your most acceptable letter of Dec. 3. I cannot tell you how greatly I appreciate your permission to publish the designated part of your address presented in 1942. Mr. Smith sent it to us at an opportune time as we are publishing articles on delinquent parents, most of them written by South Bend pastors in response to requests from The Tribune.

I am greatly concerned about delinquent young persons, believing the responsibility for the situation rests almost wholly upon the parents. How much good these articles will do I do not know but I feel at least an attempt must be made. I am sure your article will be read with interest and, I hope, convince delinquent parents they must awaken to the situation for which they are to blame.

Mrs. Miller and I thoroughly and greatly enjoyed your talk last week to the South Bend Rotary Club. It stands out as one of the truly brilliant talks made to this old and popular club. I trust you will favor us again.

Appreciatively,
F. A. Miller,
President and Editor
South Bend Tribune.

* * *

Dr. Bradley did appreciate this beautiful letter so much. To know one has truly helped another in an hour of need is without a doubt the greatest satisfaction this world offers:

Dear Doctor Bradley:

There is no one who has more to be thankful for than I. It is nearly nine years since I came out of the "wilderness." I thank God every day for the blessing of sobriety and I thank Him for your friendship and interest in my behalf.

To attempt to measure my happiness would only be limiting the many blessings. May God bless you and keep you so that you may continue to help others as you have helped me. Humbly—I say again—thank you, Dr. Bradley.

Sincerely,
Roy M.

* * *

Burton Duffie, Director, Education Extension, Chicago Board of Education, writes:

Because of your need to leave for another engagement, I did not get the opportunity to express my appreciation to you for the very inspiring message you brought to the members of the Americanization Classes at the Chicago Historical Society last evening.

All of us at the Board of Education are deeply grateful to you for your giving us of your time and energy and wisdom to help in this work of education. Your messages always have the ring of sincerity because you practice what you preach and are doing much to

make Chicago a better city."

Sincerely,

Burton Duffie,
Director of Education Extension.

* * *

No doubt many of our readers heard Dr. Bradley's review on December 9th of Mr. Henry L. Nunn's recent book "Whole Man Goes to Work." Mr. Nunn is retired and living in California at present. He formerly lived in Milwaukee and was President of the Nunn-Busch Shoe Company. I shall quote from two letters he wrote, the first one in November, in which he says:

"I want to tell you how much I enjoyed that sermon, "I Go to College," published in the November issue of The Liberalist. Having read my book you can realize how much the philosophy of Albert Schweitzer appeals to me. Ever since I read his book "Out of My Life and Thought," I have placed him on a plane with the immortal Gandhi—as you do. I was tremendously impressed with your description of the Albert Schweitzer College. No one in the world can make a man live in the hearts and minds of his listeners like you. What a power for good you are. Would that the whole world could have heard that sermon. I feel better now that I have told you how I feel."

Then in December he wrote some good news about the reception of his book. I believe our readers will enjoy reading the whole letter:

Dear Dr. Bradley:

Truly "my cup runneth over." I have had so many heart-warming letters from kindly folks who have read my book, and only this past week received word from a small humanitarian society in New York, The Millennium Guild, that I had been chosen for their $1,000 award. Then, a few days ago, I received word from Harper's that the Business Leaders' Book Club (an organization developed under the sponsorship of a rival publishing house—Prentice-Hall) had chosen "The Whole Man Goes to Work" as their selection for February. This means an initial printing from this source alone of 10,000 copies! Isn't that wonderful?

I suppose this kind of thing would be only routine to experienced writers and talented literary folks. To a shoemaker who labored so long and hard trying to put his story on paper it is WONDERFUL!

You know, Dr. Bradley, my first manuscript was rejected because it was too short. The second one because it was too long. Even so I was given a contract to write the story in fewer words so that it could be sold at a popular price.

What I started this letter to say was that I consider the event of next Wednesday evening, when you review my book, the greatest honor of all. I appreciated so much your kind letter of November 25th, and while I would dearly love to be there, perhaps it is just as well that I am not. I have for a long time placed humility as one of the greatest human virtues. I have, nevertheless, informed some of my friends of the event and I shall be impatiently awaiting their report.

May God grant you many more years to wield your great influence for good.

Gratefully yours,

H. L. Nunn
6315 El Camino del Teatro,
La Jolla, California

There was a good attendance the night of the book review and Mr. Nunn's son came down especially for the event.

* * *

After reading a letter of gratitude for the book review we take out of the Mail Bag a letter of gratitude from Dr. Carl V. Shipley, for the service at which Dr. Bradley officiated at the funeral of

Dr. Shipley's wife.

"Just to say thank you cannot adequately express my sincere appreciation and deep gratitude to you for your kindly and godly services when we said a last farewell and goodbye to Dorothy.

"Many words of tribute have been said by many persons, on such occasions, but no one has ever spoken words more fitting and proper in tribute to a person than your simple declaration of Dorothy's humble attributes and achievements.

"All of Dorothy's family and countless friends join me in expressing to you our grateful thanks. It was a service which I am sure everyone will remember and cherish, and each one's life will be enriched because they were present."

* * *

Members of the church will be interested in two post cards, beautifully colored, which popped out of the Mail Bag, one from Waikiki Beach and one from Beverly Hills, California, the latter one bearing this message:

"Greetings from California. We are here celebrating our 47th wedding anniversary. Weather is fine and flowers are all in bloom. Best regards to all." A man who has been in the real estate business in one location for over 50 years, the writer, Mr. Frank J. Petru, must have a host of friends.

* * *

Another post card came from California, this one from Pasadena, and said: "Arrived today. Home via TWA tomorrow night. This land of flowers and sunshine and 'fabulous everything' is always fascinating." The last card was from Mrs. Hazel Ferguson, who is in charge of "The Cradle" of Evanston. We know she arrived home safely because she presided with grace and charm at the Friends of Literature Luncheon, held at the Art Institute Club Room in December, at which Dr. and Mrs. Bradley and Dr. Bradley's sister, Mrs. Russell V. Judson, were guests of honor, and at which the writer had the pleasure of being present.

* * *

In February, 1948, Dr. Bradley reviewed a book by Dorothea S. Kopplin. It is a book of help and comfort for all ages—a simple, sincere and honest philosophy of living, gleaned from the world's finest inspirational writings, and intended for the author's children, because doctors had told Mrs. Kopplin (twenty years ago) that she would not live to bring up her children. Be that as it may, Dr. Bradley received in the Mail Bag a lovely Christmas card with the following message on it:

"Wish I could hear you preach again! I'll never forget the wonderful sermons you preached at Eastertime two years ago. I've never heard anything to compare to them.

"My book, 'Something to Live By,' is getting along—about 80,000 regular size and 400,000 Perma Books. The United States Government sent a copy of it in each of the 5,000 book kits they sent to the service men in Korea during the war. I was happy to hear it got to those boys in such a time of need. The Teen-Age Book Club selected it for their Book of the Month last Spring and took ten thousand copies. Best Wishes,

Dorothea S. Kopplin."

No wonder this book sold! It was written and compiled from the heart of a mother who wanted the contents of the book to supplant her influence in the lives of her children. Compiled with the greatest love in the world, it must be loved by the world. It is so good to hear of her success.

KEEP-ON-THE-BEAM!

Along the Way

(*Continued from page 6*)

intensified because the only son, Robert, was in Germany and could not be by her side to share the acuteness of her grief.

He is not dead. Poets never die. Wherever his noble spirit dwells amid the indescribable beauty and unutterable happiness of that spiritual experience Thomas Curtis Clark will add beauty unto beauty and heaven itself will behold glory which it may not realize it possesses.

"Farewell and Hail," my friend!

* * *

1954—and so we all begin again to write the numerals of a new year. This year will bring me to the conclusion of forty-two years in the pulpit of our beloved Peoples Church of Chicago.

There is something about the beginning of a year which not only creates retrospection but increases our hopes and plans and dreams for the future. One can best face the future when there is understanding and appreciation of the past. When the past dominates us to the extent that we do not appreciate the present or are fearful of attempting something new for the future, then the past becomes a tyrant.

The new year is the appropriate time to put things in their true proportion. We have lived through the past. There it is! Not one single thing we can do or say will change it. The past is past. Its finest effect upon us, as we recall it, is one of prevention and preservation as well: Prevention, that we do not repeat the mistakes of the past, and preservation that we keep the best of the past always with us. The past can be an unjust tyrant or can be a benevolent guide. There are those who refuse to think of the past in these times and who manifest a tragic concern for the future, because they are so completely immersed and enmeshed with the present. They are the people who quote the old adage, "Eat, drink and be merry for tomorrow we shall die." The absurdity of this position is obvious. In a true sense we never die, whether we eat, drink and are merry or not. To live only in the present is a false conception. The Chinese have a proverb which often intrigues me: "Today is the tomorrow we worried about yesterday." There are values in the past that must be preserved. There are contributions which the past has made which have made us what we are today, but we cannot change the past and we must not permit it to tyrannize over us. The past always predicates the present and is the most vital factor for the future and at this time of the year it is the future with which we are concerned.

This is the time when many people are making new resolutions without the ingredient which makes the resolutions effective, namely, resolution. There isn't any use in making a new resolution unless you invigorate it by resolution to carry it out. Most New Year's Resolutions do not last anyway much beyond the 15th of January. It is not so much resolutions which I am making for myself at the beginning of the year as it is the recreation of hopes and dreams and plans for the future. The first and primary concern is for our church. I wish each member and every radio listener would ask themselves "What can I do to help my church become a better and finer church in 1954? What can I do to increase its effectiveness?" The opportunity is all around us. Truly "The fields are ripe unto harvest."

It is not enough to depend upon the momentum of the past glorious years in the life of the church. If it has been a help to thousands who have come in and out of its doors, it is not enough to recall that. We must see that those

doors are wide open and the portals inviting and welcoming the people of every creed and faith and condition of life.

It is my deepest hope and my most intense desire that our church in 1954 will stand as never before a beacon light to lighten the dark areas of life; that it shall be a house of hope, of encouragement, of inspiration; that when each service ends and the last amen is given, as it is each Sunday so beautifully by our choir, every person who has been a part of the service, either in being present or listening on the air, will be able to say "Now I can face the week ahead more easily, more fearlessly because of my church." Devotion, sacrifice, co-operation and work can continue the effectiveness of our church and increase it a hundredfold.

So with our heart full of gratitude and appreciation for the past, with a desire to meet the responsibilities of the present, we turn our faces toward the unknown—the future. May life be kind to you and yours all through the year. May the diplomats and the leaders of the nations find the pattern of continuing peace. May the Baby whose birthday we have just observed grow into manhood and his words of wisdom be followed and His love be practiced by us all. In the familiar words of the poet Browning,

"We greet the unknown with a cheer," and in our hearts we say what Tiny Tim said in Charles Dickens' immortal story—"God bless us, every one!"

THE NEW YEAR

I am the New Year, and I come to you pure and unstained,
Fresh from the hand of God.
Each day, a precious pearl to you is given
That you must string upon the silver thread of Life;
Once strung, can never be unthreaded but stays
An undying record of your faith and skill.
Each golden, minute link you then must weld into the chain of hours
That is no stronger than its weakest link.
Into your hands is given all the wealth and power
To make your life just what you will.
I give to you, free and unstinted, twelve glorious months
Of soothing rain and sunshine golden;
The days for work and rest, the nights for peaceful slumber.
All that I have I give with love unspoken.
All that I ask—*you keep the faith unbroken!*

—J. D. Templeton

DR. BRADLEY'S JANUARY SERMON SERIES

Dr. Bradley has planned for the month of January a series of Sunday morning sermons which are the most vital he has ever presented. The general theme will be "FIVE KEYS TO VICTORY!" All of the sermons will be inter-related. Inasmuch as they begin on the first Sunday of the New Year, it is suggested that one of your New Year's Resolutions might be "I will attend the Sunday morning services all during the year." If you attend these five January Sundays, the Sunday-Morning Church-Going Habit will be formed and church-going from then on will be a definite pattern in your life. These sermons will be exceptionally practical and will help build the foundation for a triumphant 1954 in your life.

FIVE KEYS TO VICTORY

January 3—"Courage"

January 10—"Are You a Highbrow or a Lowbrow?"

January 17—"Do You Cheer or Do You Jeer?"

January 24—"Are You a Wet-Blanket or a Stimulator?"

January 31—"Are You a Thermometer or a Thermostat?"

BOOK REVIEWS TO BE GIVEN BY DR. BRADLEY IN JANUARY

At The Peoples Church — *941 Lawrence Ave. at Sheridan*

8:00 p.m.

January 6—"How to Attain Financial Security and Self-Confidence".....Marvin Small

January 13—"New World of the Mind".....J. B. Rhine

January 20—"Who Speaks For Man?".....Norman Cousins

January 27—"Time and Time Again".....James Hilton

* * * * *

At the Chicago Public Library — *Michigan at Randolph*

12:15 p.m.

January 7—"Fabulous Chicago".....Emmett Dedmon

January 14—"Chicago's Left Bank".....Alson J. Smith

January 21—"Big Bill of Chicago".....Herman Kogan and Lloyd Wendt

January 28—"Wolf Point".....Leonard Dubkin

DR. BRADLEY ON TELEVISION PROGRAM

Dr. Bradley is appearing daily on WGN-TV from 11:30 to 12:00 o'clock, during the Holiday Season. Starting with Christmas Day, he will be on weekdays through Friday, January 8th.

DR. BRADLEY'S ENGAGEMENTS

NOVEMBER

1—Morning Service, Peoples Church.
Christening.
Opening Sunday Evening Service, Peoples Church.
Address. Opening meeting, Channing Club, Peoples Church.
2—Funeral.
3—Address, Blythe School, Parent-Teachers Assoc., Riverside, Ill.
Sick call.
4—Funeral.
Opening Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
5—Attendance at Meeting of Chicago Com. on Human Relations with Finance Com. of City Council concerning budget.
Invocation at Annual Banquet, Theatre Owners of America.
Annual Bazaar of Peoples Church.
6—Two funerals.
Annual Bazaar of Peoples Church.
7—Funeral.
Wedding.
8—Morning service, Peoples Church.
Opening Reception, Brust Tool Co., Franklin Park, Ill.
Evening service, Peoples Church.
9—Address, Adv. Men's Post, American Legion, Elks Club.
Sick calls.
10—Address, Central Lions Club, Midland Hotel.
Sick calls.
11—Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
13—Cut record for School of Speech, Northwestern University.
Sick calls.
14—Funeral.
Sick call.
Wedding.
15—Morning service, Peoples Church.
TV Program, Morris B. Sachs Amateur Hour.
Evening service, Peoples Church.
16—Funeral.
17—Funeral.
Address, Legal Secretary's Assoc., Chicago Bar Association.
18—Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
19—Address, Woman's Club, Wilmette, Illinois.
20—Wedding.
21—Funeral.
22—Thanksgiving Sunday Service, Peoples Church.
Evening Service, Peoples Church.
25—Address, Thanksgiving meeting, Rotary Club, South Bend, Ind.
Book Lecture, Peoples Church.
Wedding.
26—Community Thanksgiving Service, Peoples Church.
Wedding.
27—Funeral.
Address, Men's Club, Hemenway Methodist Church, Evanston.
28—Wedding.
29—Morning Service, Peoples Church.
Christening.
Wedding.
Evening service, Peoples Church.
30—Press Conference, Chicago Business Men's Orchestra and Musical Courier, with award recipient.
Funeral.
Address, presenting Annual Award, Chicago Business Men's Orchestra and Musical Courier to Percy B. Eckhart.

FUNERALS

2—C. Edwin Booth
4—Joseph K. Serhant
6—Arthur J. Williams
George O. Hope
7—Mrs. Charles S. Hanson
14—Mrs. Florence E. Kay
16—Adolph T. Johanson
17—Mrs. Medilla McClure
21—Charles Dunn
27—George L. Spoor
30—Harry M. Appel

WEDDINGS

7—Sally Banoul and Earl Clarke
14—Catherine Hoffman and John F. Buckie
20—C. Morton Winslow and Margaret Dissetta
25—Faye Payne and Oscar Groves
26—Zalta Eskew and Leonard J. Sherant
28—Delia Parks and Robert Roland
29—Violet R. Rasmussen and Ernest J. Braun

CHRISTENINGS

8—Darlene Jolly, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Winston Jolly
Kenneth Wayne Lawson, son of Mr. and Mrs. Roy Lawson
8—Dennis Wayne Morrison, son of Mr. and Mrs. Eddie Morrison
29—Mary Elizabeth Satkoff, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Satkoff

THE PEOPLES CHURCH OF CHICAGO

941 Lawrence Avenue

Sunday School—Mrs. Carl Swanson, Superintendent
Ronald Walrath, Director, Religious Education ..... 9:30 a.m.

Sunday Morning Service—Broadcast WJJD ..... 11:00 to 12:00 noon

Sunday Evening Service—Not Broadcast. Question Box ..... 7:00 p.m.

Wednesday Evening Book Lectures ..... 8:00 p.m.

Woman's Club—Monday, January 4, Conservation Department ..... 1:00 p.m.
Guest Speaker, Dr. Preston Bradley
Guest Artist, Del Schroer, Baritone
Monday, January 18, Education Department
Program to be announced ..... 1:00 p.m.

Men's Club—Tuesday, January 26 ..... 8:00 p.m.
(Men's Club meeting night has been changed from 4th Monday to 4th Tuesday of the month)

Professional and Business Woman's Club January 12—Continuation by Ethel Wells Smalley of her Travel Talk and colored slides of her recent trip to Switzerland ..... 8:00 p.m.

Uptown Player's Drama Tea—Sunday, January 10 ..... 4:00 p.m.

The Jack and Jill Players, Franklin W. Adams, Director, will present the superb Mystery Drama "Nine Girls"

The Uptown Players, J. Bradley-Griffin, Founder-Director, *In Memoriam*

Channing Club, 1st and 3rd Friday ..... 8:00 p.m.

Choir Rehearsals, Every Thursday in the Church Auditorium ..... 8:00 p.m.

Auditions ..... 7:30 p.m.

Usher's Club—Secretary, Paul H. Raabe, UPtown 8-8620

DR. BRADLEY'S RADIO SCHEDULE

WJJD—Every Sunday morning, entire church service ..... 11:00 a.m.—12:00 noon

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